

THE CHARACTER OF A TORY.

A *TORY* is a Monster with an English Face, a French Heart, and an Irish Conscience. A Creature of a Large Forehead, Prodigious Mouth, Supple Hams, and no Brains. The Country-mans Description of him, was both Rhyme and Reason; *Roary, Whorery, Smorery, Scorey, That's a TORYET; For Noise and Debauchery, Oaths and Raggery,* are the Four Elements that Compose him: His Arms are those of *Isaac*, An *Ass Conchance*; and his Mark is a Red-Ribbon in his Capp, to shew, That he belongs to the *Scarlet Whore*, by her Bloody Livery; or else, you may take it for a *Wedding-Jewon*. That whenever *Papery* and *Tyranny* shall make a *March*, he would fain be a *Bride-man*. He seems Descended from *Esau*, since he is so ready to Truck away an Invaluable Birthright for a *French Kickshaw*, and a Nauseous Mels of *Italian Potage*. Or if you will run his *Pedigree* higher, you may call him a *Noddie*, one of the Race of *Cain* the Murderer, that would fain be Persecuting his Brother, merely because he is more Righteous than Himself.

Take our *TORIES* in the *State*, and they are *Caterpillers* that Devour every Green thing in a Flourishing Kingdom, and would Stab *Liberty* and *Property* to the Heart. That they themselves, like *Beasts of Prey*, might live wholly upon Spoil and Rapine, fit only to be Subjects to *Nebuchadnezzar*, when bereav'd of Human Sence, he Hearded with the *Wild Asses* of the *Desert*. Though they boast themselves *Englishmen*, yet they Act in all things as *Antipodes* to their Native Country; and seem rather *Dog-trotters*. Transplanted, the Spawn of some *Real shanks*, or the By-blows of the Old *Lazy Lord-Danes*, that once Domineer'd over our Ancestors: They are a sort of *Wild Boars*, that would root out the Constitution, and break the Ballance of our happy Government; and render that *Desporick*, which hitherto has been both Established and bounded by *Law*. *Fautes* in *Masquerade*, that with *Dark-lantern Polices*, would at once blow up the Two Bulwarks of our Freedom, *PARLIAMENTS* and *JURIES*; making the *First* only a *Parliament of Paris*; and the *Later*, but meer Tools, to Echo back the pleasure of a Judge. They are so certain, That *Monarchy* is *Five Divins*. That they look upon all People living under *Aristocracys*, or *Democracys*, to be in a State of *Damnation*. And fancie, That the *Grand Seigneur*, the *Czar of Muscovy*, and the *French King* dropt down from *Heaven* with *Crowns* on their Heads, and that all their Subjects were Born with *Saddles* on their Backs. Your True *TORY* is as fond of *Slavery*, as others are of *Liberty*, and will be at as much Pains and Charge to obtain it; for he Envy the Happiness of *Canvas Breeches* and *Wooden Shoes*; and extremely Admires the Mercy of the *Inquisition*. He Rails at *Magna Charta* as the Seed-plot of *Sedition*; Swears, That it was first obtained by *Rebellion*, and that all our Fore-fathers were *Rogues and Fools*, and did not understand *Prerogative*. He wonders, why People should squander away their time at the *Inns of Court*, or what need there is either of the *Common Law*, or the *Statute-Book*, since the King might at any time, with quicker dispatch declare his Pleasure in any Point or Controversie, and each Loyal Subject were bound to Acquiesce, on pain of *Damnation*. Yet after all, his boasted *Loyalty* extends no farther than a Drunken Health; He *Roars* and *Swaggers*, but does not Serve the King: He promises Mountains, and by *Lies* and *Misrepresentations*, gives *False Measures*: but performs nothing: Nor is it the Cause, but the Crust, that he Barks for.

Then

Then in Relation to the Church; *TORY* is either a *Crab-Protestant*, that *crawls backwards* as fast as he can to *Rome*; or at best, but the *Crab-foot* wherewith the *Romish Monkeys* Claw the Protestant Religion till the Blood comes: one that does their Drugery though he has not always the Wit to see it, and all the Wages he must expect, is *Polypheme's* Curtesie, To be Devoured Last. He is a *Flambeau* kindled by the *Jesuits*, and flung in, to make a *Combustion* amongst us. Whilst we were Hunting down their *Plot* with a full Cry, they slept on their *Dream-mouth'd* Hound, who spending on a *false Scent* diverted the Chace, and so the *Popish Puss-squats* safe in her *Fawn*: and now quitting the Pursuit of the *Foxes*, he begins to Worry the *Sheep*. He pretends high for the Church of *England*; but as he understands not her Doctrin, so he Dishonours her by his Lewd Conversation: What a pretty Pious Confession of Faith is it, to hear a *Bully Cry*,--*God-Dam-Mee, I am of the Church of England, and all the Presbyterians are Sons of Whores*. Indeed, the only proof both of his Religion and Courage, is, That he Swears most frequently by that *Tremendous Name*, at which, lesser Devils Tremble, and his Christianity consists in *Cursing* all those that he is pleased to call *Phanaticks*, and *Phanaticks* he calls all those, that are not content to be either *Papists* or *Atheists*. His *Tongue* is always Tipt with *Dam-me*, and *Forty one*, and *for hot*, (being set on Fire of *Hell*) that he is faine to drink *Healths*, (sometimes to the *Pop*, and sometimes to the *Devil*,) Sixty times an Hour to quench it; and then Belches out *Huzza's*, as fast, as Mount *Strombulo* does Fire and Brimstone.

Whilst he *Clamours* at *Dissenters* for not coming to Church, he thinks 'tis Canonical enough to Sleep over the *Lordsday* to Digest the Fumes of *Saturdays* Debauch, or take a walk in *Guild-Hall-yard*, peep in at the Preacher, and presently Retire to the Tavern for a whet to Dinner, or else to meet the Club of *Witty*, *Good-mockers* by *Fleet-Ditch* side, and Droll away the day in Blasphemy, Ridiculing Religious Duties, or Inventing *Jack-Pudding* Lies of some pretended *Nonconformists* Preaching. If he be somewhat of a more serious Temper, he is as very a superstitious *Bigger*, as any in the *Papacy*, he would rather have his Preaching than that the *Supplice* should be left off, and thinks his Child not Christened if it be not done with the sign of the *Cross*, he counts *Opus operatum* sufficient, and if he have but been at *Common Prayer*, and made his *Responses* loud enough to drown the Clerk, and had the Parson's Blessing, his Task is done and all is safe. Flesh on a Friday is more Abomination to him than his Neighbour's Bed, and he Abhors more not to *Swear* at the Syllables of the word *Jesur*, than to Swear by the name of *God*.

He has got a *New English Dictionary* Framed by the indefatigable Skill of *Vile*, and the *Obscurator*, whereby he Travertises the most Loyal honest Sense into *Blasphemy* and *Treason*. Talk soberly of Religion, and he Flaps you over the Face with Heresy Schism, Fanaticism and Faction, or soundly calls you *Confounded Whigs*, and so you are Confuted. Urge never so modestly *Legal Fundamental Rights*, and mention Irregularities, though in a place appointed to Remedy them, he cries out, *Rebellion! Treason! You Deny the King! You subvert the Government!* &c. Mention the *Commons of England* and the *General Sense* of the Nation and he exclaims, Damn the *Mobile* and your *Appeals* to the *Rabble*; and yet at the same time *Cheers* and Applauds *Taggs*, *Ragg* and *Long-tail*, the *Cooks* and *Chaudlers* of *new Sarum* and such other *Whorshipful Patriots* for declaring their three half-penny judgments of the highest Affairs of State, in their *Addresses*. And as for the two last Parliaments every petty *Chap-man* or *Apprentice Boy* takes up on him to Censure the grave Proceedings of those *Great* *able* *Senators*, as malepartly as if they had been but a Company of *Kidlers*.

Yet still he fears not *God*, so much as a *Parliament*, but the reason why he *Blasphemes* the one, and *Rails* at the other, is because as he really Believes not a Future Judgment in the other World, so he puts far off the other (to him) *Evil day* in this, and hopes to Escape the Justice of both by the Mediation of *Saint Noll Prostiquit*.

FINIS

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